VOL. 3.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1874.

NO. 50.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BARTON. W. I. ROBINSON

TTORNEY AT LAW

C. A. ROBINSON & CO., Paners in Choice Brands of Flour.

HALLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND PATTERN Rooms,

M. HUBBARD OUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER and Imitator of Wood and Marble.

A. B. BLAKE. MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, Dealer in all kinds of Grain.

JOHN ARKLEY ATACHINIST AND CUSTOM BLACKSMITH.

J. N. WERSTER IFE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE

PERCIVAL & FORSAITH. WEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS

F. T. FORSAITH. J. N. WEBSTER, THOTOGRAPHER DEALER IN STEREOSCOPES

C. J. ROBINSON, DEACTICAL MILLWRIGHT. WILL DO MILL Jobs or Furnish Plans for Mills. Agent for the Waterwheel, and all Mill Machinery.

F. W. BALDWIN. TTOENEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANcery, and Agent for the Champlain Mutual Fore nee Co., Burlington, Vt Insurance of all kinds

of in the best Stock and Mutual Companies. J. B. CASSIDY. HAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL

DESCRIPTION OF THE ORLEANS COUNTY Marble Works, Foreign and American Marble

J. L. WOODMAN. REALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, AND FINDINGS

UCCESSOR TO F. P. CHENEY, WILL CONTINUE

UCCESSOR TO WM. JOSLYN & SONS DEALER Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Olls, Jappentine, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass,

Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods, TANUFACTURER OF WOOD, METAL, GLASS, Zanvass and Paper Signs. Banner, Scene atal Painting, &c. Proprietor of Wood's Star

MRS, J. N. SMITH, CATOULD ANNOUNCE TO THE PEOPLE OF arton and vicinity that she is now prepared inds of Plain Family Sewing, such as Shirts sts, Dress-Making, &c. Please give her a use over Woodman's boot and shoe store,3-20y

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. H. THOMPSON, CORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR

D. & C. S. SKINNER, PROT STORE (SUCCESSORS TO GRANDY, valuner & Parker,) Dealers in Flour, Corn. Gro-llaudware, Paints and Oils, Barton Landing, Vt.

HADISON COWLES, latest styles of ready-made Coffins, Caskets and Trimmings of every description.— west Albany, Vt.

P. R. KENDALL, A TTORNEY. BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.

W. W. MILES

A TTORNEY AT LAW. ROBERT GILLIS.

DEALER IN HARNESSES, blankets, whips, curry J. F. WRIGHT.

cian and Surgeon. Office at his residence

G.

NAILS

NDALL

Sand

ARES.

CUTLERY

HERS

(in exchange

DR. O. A. BEMIS. H OMECOPATHIC PRYSICIAN AND SURGEON Craftsbury, Vermont.

CUTLER & GOSS. MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleight,

E. G. STEVENS.

SURGEON DENTIST. At Little's Hotel in Barton H. H. MORGAN.

NCIL CUTTER, LYNDON, VT. SEAL PRES-

ALL KINDS OF

Done at the Monitor Office.

TOM TURNER. AN EPIC HALLAD. A fisherman was Tom by trade; He slept on briny planks; And though not rich, he often made A run upon the banks. On fish he lived from day to day-Fish caught by his own hand; And when he did not land his prey. When he had seen a sheal of shad, Their struggles were in vain: The fish nught hop around like mad. And soon they were in-scine. He led a happy life; content, And every day he fishing went. And brought his net gains hor Tom loved a girl, so tall and slim, The fairest in the town: But Sal would not take up with him, So he was taken down.

By passion's power now racked and worn he called on Sal, a swain forlorn, Led on by love's auggrestion. He found that she was popping corn, and he popped the question. She was the aweetest girl in town. And playful as a kitten; For her Tom threw the gauntlet down— And she gave him the mitten. Then Tom was und! he kicked a lad! His heart was sad! His head was bad! His language was still badder! And he who once had lived on shad, Soon faded to a shadder.

To be a man be swore to try;
He left that town of woe:
He went out west to do or die;
He met an Indian six feet high— Of course it was not Le The Indian saw the Yankee small;

The Yaukee saw the Sioux;
At once they knew that one must fall,
At once they both fell to. The Indian struck a mighty blow; By Tom's good luck it missed the fe The Indian was forlorn Tom tried the Indian to lay low; 'om dropped a rock upon his to: And crushed his Indian corn. The Indian paused: this blow so rude

Had caused him great solicitude: He thought he'd fly, if none pursued. The white man bext he slyly viewed. And then began to beller. Tom deemed the Indians copper-hued. But this one proved a yeller. fom seized a log to make a thrust. To lay the Indian in the dust; The Indian ran nway— So swift he cut his stick, he must Have been a Chip-away.

And thus was fought and won the fight, In which Tom took great pride:
Then Tom he went to 8ally bright.
And won her for his bride: But on that night his bair turned white, And staid so till be died.

—Harper's Magazine

'ribute to the Memory of Dr. Nelson Cheney, who Died at his Residence. at Beebe Plain, P. Q., Oct. 29, 1874. By his Sister:

O brother, dearly lov'd, and can it be That we thy face on earth no more may see As each revolving season comes and goes. Dost rest thee still in dreamless, long repose? Alas 'tis true! lov'd ones no more can hear Thy voice, so wont, in bygone days, to cheer. Thy hand and heart that oft together wrought And lure to health, lies palsied now, and still. the e'en self-særfficing human skill. friendshio's tireless arm, availed to save, work of love could rescue from the grave And rose to Heaven the agonizing prayer, If Thou see'st best, O. Father, do Thou spare. And too, methinks, near to our childhood's co United hearts, with prayer, for thee, were from Thou hast tak'n him away, who saw 'twas best, In awe and love we bow to Thy behest; Deep is the wound Thy hand has made, and sore One we shall feel until we reach life's shore.

How little deemed we, that so soon would end Thy work; we who had fondly hoped to spend Oft hours, in counsel sweet, till life should end Your hearts are touched, who by, and near his s abored like him, to stem disease's fell tide, de's fallen. Your phalanx oft is broke; toil on For God, and man, until the sweet "well done."

While we the measure of our grief may fill, Sleep, thou generous soul; great heart lie still In peace; not 'neath our own Green Mountain ak Not where our father's sacred farm doth lie; By Briton's noble, friendly-hands, art laid, Where then the sick and suffering sought to a And if the great Physician was thy trust, Sweet dost rest, tired spirit, on His breast, ver, Nov. 1874.

There is no luck like p-luck. Oath of the Chicago girl-Buy gum.

The ladies are wearing red-striped stockings. Who told you so? The best way for a man to acquire a fine flow of language is to stub his toe against a raised brick.

A good fireman is known by the quar tity of smoke he can swallow and the amount of coal ashes he can chew.

A French preacher describes hell as a ling here every Sunday nightplace where they talk politics all day.

A wag, in "what he knows about farming;" gives a very good plan to remove widow's weeds. He says a good looking man has only to say "wilt thou,"

A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into the gutter. After floundering for some time one of them said: "Let's go to another house, this hotel leaks."

A gentleman traveling on a steamer. one day at dinner was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness.

An Alsatian goes to confess: "Father. I have committed a great sin." "Well" "I dare not say it; it is too grievous." . Come, come, courage." ...I have married a Prusian." "Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."

The wife of Sam Henry, a colored resident of Saulsbury, Maryland, recently became the mother of four children. When informed of the fact, Sam packed up for a long journey; "I am't going to live in dis heah Saulsbury no longer.'

"It is a standing rule in my church." said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you

Sheriden made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots: these attracting the notice of some of his friends. "New guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many probable guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan : "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will-I bought them and paid for, them.'

"DEAR George; how sweet and wavy that wheat is !" exclaimed a fair young lady, looking languidly out from a car window. "Yes, love, how beautiful!" says dear George, more intent on insinuating his arm around a twenty-bone corset; "how like a-a-how like a dweam!" "How like oats!" retorted a disgusted Granger: "them's oats, young

An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about one o'clock, very softly, denuded himself gently and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manoeuver, said, "Come to bed, with which he generally encased his you fool, you ! the baby ain't there."

Death or Marriage.

The ancient clock in Deacon Shermer's old-fashioned kitchen was slowly chiming the hour of nine. It was no smart toy, no trifle of bronze or alabaster, but a tall, square, solid relic of the last century, looking not unlike a coffin case set on end, in the corner-a clock that had lasted through four generations, and judging from appearances was quite likely to last through several more. Deacon Shermer cherished the old heirloom with a sort of pride which he himself would scarcely have confessed to.

There was a great ruddy fire of chestnut logs in the red brick paved fireplace, and the candles in the highly polished brass sticks were winking merrily from the high wooden mantle, where they shared the post of honor with a curious sea shell and couple of vases, each containing a fresh osage orange, from the hedge that skirted the clover field behind the barn. At the window, a curtain of gaudy chintz shut out the tens of thousands of stars that were shining brightly on that frosty autumnal night, and on the cosy rug of the parti-colored rags a fat tortoise shell cat purred away the slowly lapsing minutes. But the tor toise shell cat was not the only inhabitant of the snug farm-house kitchen.

"Timothy," said Mary Shermer, de-1'11-"

What she would do, Mary did not say; the sentence was terminated by a laugh that set the dimples round her mouth in motion, just as a beam of June sunshine plays across a cluster of red ripe cherries.

Mary Shermer was just seventeen, a plump, rosy girl, with jet hair, brushed back from a low forehead, and perfectly arched eyebrows, that gave a bewitching expression of surprise to a pair of melting hazel eyes. She was rather dark, but the severe critic would not have found fault with the peach-like bloom upon her cheeks and the dewy red of her full, daintily-curved lips. Evidently Mr. Timothy Marshall was quite satisfied with Mary's style of beauty.

"Come Mary," said Tim, moving his chair where he could best watch the flush of the firelight upon her face, and picking up the thread of the conversation where he had dropped it when it became necessary for Mary to bid him "behave himself"-"you might promise. It's nine o'clock, and your father will soon be home."

"What, Tim?" said Mary demurely fitting a square of red in her patchwork, and intently observing the fact.

"Nonsense, Mary! You know what very well. Promise to marry me before Christmas! I tell you what, Mary, it is all very well for you to keep putting it off, but I can't stand it. What with your father's forbidding me in the house and that romantic Tom Stanley's com-

Mary gave her pretty head a toss. What they do at night he does not re- "As if Mr. Stanley's coming here made any difference in my feelings, Tim !"

"No; but Mary, it isn't pleasant, you know. I'm as good a man as Tom Stanlev, if I don't own railroad shares and keep an account at the Hamiltonville bank : and I love you, Mary, from the bottom of my heart! Now this matter lies between you and me only; no other person in the world has a right to interfere between us. Come-promise me.' He held both her hands in his and look-

ed earnestly into the liquid hazel eyes. "Do you love me, Mary ?" "You know I love you, 'Tim."

"Then we may just as well-Hush!

There was a portentous sound of drawing bolts and rattling latches in the porch room beyond-a scraping of heavy boots along the floor. Mary rose to her feet with sudden scarlet suffusing her

"Oh, Tim, it is father!" "Suppose it is!"

"But he mustn't find you here, Tim Hide yourself somewhere, do !"

"What nonsense, Mary!" said the man resolutely standing his ground. "I haven't come to steal his spoons. Why should I creep away like a detected burglar?"

"For my sake, Tim. Oh, Tim, if you ever loved me, do as I say! Not in that closet, it is close to his bedroom: not through that window, it's nailed down tight; he's coming! Here Tim, quick!" In the drawing of a breath, she had

pushed Timothy Marshall into the square pendulum case of the square old clock and turned the key on him. It was not a pleasant place of refuge, insomuch as his shoulders were squeezed on either side, and his head flattened against springs and wheels above, and the air was unpleasant and close : but Tim made the best of matters, and shook with suppressed laughter in his solitary prison "Well! a johy scrape to be in,"

thought Tim. "and no knowing when I'll be out of it. Mary's a shrewd little puss, however, and I can't do better than to leave matters in her hands." "So you haven't gone to bed yet, Mary?" said Deacon Shermer, slowly un-

deacon. "Well, that's lucky; and now throat of an evening. "Not yet, father," said Mary, picking we can find out what's the matter with

up her scattered bits of patchwork with | the clock." a glowing cheek. .. Did you have a

pleasant meeting?" flectively, sitting down before the fire greatly to Mary's consternation-she had hoped he would have gone to bed at once, according to his usual custom-...it was tol'bly pleasant. Elder Husker was there, and Elder Hopkins-and-well. all the church folks pretty much. Why. how red your cheeks are, Mary! Tired, ain't vou? Well you needn't sit up for me, my dear; it must be getting late."

ing cold in her veins. "Twenty minutes | my house like a thief?" past nine-why it must be later than that! Why, land o' Canaan, the old clock has stopped." The old clock had stopped ; nor was it at all wonderful under the circumstances. "I wound it up this morning, I am sartin," said the for?" Deacon, very much disturbed. "It never sarved me such a trick afore, all the years it's stood there. Your aunt Jane used to say it was a sign of death or marriage in the family before the year There was a sound like a chuckle and 1-"

behind the clock-case as Deacon Shermer fumbled on the shelf for the clock key. her. cidedly, "if you don't behave yourself, ... These springs must be out of order somehow." said the Deacon decisively. ly) on her bowed head and the tender "How scared you look, child! There arm that supported it. Apparently "the ain't no cause for bein' scared. I don't put much faith in your aunt Jane's old time superstition. Where in the name | worldly arrangements in its tide. of all possessed is the key? I could ha' declared I left it in the case."

"Isn't it on the shelf, father?" asked Mary, guilty, conscious that it was snugly reposing in the pocket of her checker- soul, sir," said Tim Marshall, earnestly.

"No, nor 'taint in my pocket neither." | for her !" And down went the Deacon, stiffly enough on his knees, to examine the er," interposed Mary, with eyes that floor, lest perchance the missing key shone like soft stars. might have fallen there.

"I'll have a reg'lar search to-morrow." we can do is to help on a marriage as said Deacon Shermer. "It must be

"Yes, it must," said Mary, tremu-

resuming his place before the fire, "I kind o' don't like to have the old clock stand still a single night. When I wake up, you know, it seems like it was sort o' talking to me in the stillness." The deacon looked thoughtfully at the fiery back log. Mary fidgeted uneasily about the room, straightening table covers, setting back chairs and thinking-oh, if

he would only go to bed ! As he sat there his eyelids began to droop and his head to nod somnolently. Mary's eyes brightened up with a sparkle something like hope.

"Child!" he said suddenly straightening up in the stiff back chair, "you'd better go to bed. I'll sit up a while longer till the logs burn out."

.But father. I'm not sleepy." "Go to bed, my child !" reiterated the deacon, with a good-humored authority that brooked no opposition; and Mary crept out of the room, ready to cry with anxiety and mortification.

"If Tim will only keep quiet a little while longer." she thought, while sitting on the stairs while the newly risen moon streamed in chilly splendor. "Father sleeps so soundly-and he is sure to go to sleep in his chair, I could just steal in and release him as quiet as possible.' She sat there, her plump fingers interlaced, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the floor, while all the time her ears were strained to the utmost capacity to catch every sound in the kitchen beyond. Hark! was that the wail of the wind, or was it something to her literally "nearer and dearer ?" Yes; she could not loves. This intimacy has been carried be mistaken now; it was actually a on for years right under my nose, and

Mary rose softly to her feet with renewed hope. Surely now was the accepted time. Noiselessly as the floating ing boards of the floor. The candles the world." were burned out, but the shifting justre of the firelight revealed her father nodding before the fire, with closed eyes and hands hanging at his sides.

"He's certainly asleep," thought Ma

With a heart that beat quick and fast she drew the key from her pocket, and roceeded in spite of the nervous trembling of her fingers, to lift it into the lock. So absorbed was she that she never noticed the cessation of the heavy breathing-never saw the deacon start suddenly into wakefulness and look around him. Love is blind, and it equally true that he is deaf. The deacon rose quickly up with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and Mary gave a little frightened shriek, as a hand fell softly on her arm, possessing itself quietly of man, putting his fingers into his pocket the key.

"Let me help you," said the deacon. winding the two yards of woolen scarf

moment ago, seemed to stand still as her

Mary's heart throbbing so wildly "Well, yes," quoth the Deacon, re- father turned the key and opened the door of the clock case.

> "Hal-lo!" exclaimed the deacon, as Mr. Timothy Marshall tumbled into the "So you was the matter with the

"Yes sir," said Tim, composedly. " hope I haven't seriously interfered with the works of the clock."

"You've seriously interfered with me? The Deacon glanced mechanically up said the deacon, waxing indignant at the clock. Mary felt the blood grow- . What do you mean, sir, by hiding in

"Indeed! indeed! father," cried Ma ry, bursting into tears, "it wasn't his fault. He didn't want to hide, but I put

"You did, eh! And may I ask what

"Father," faltered Mary, rather irrel-

evantly, "I love him and-he loves me!" "Is that any reason why he should hide in the clock case, Miss?" "No-but-father! oh, father! I can

never marry Mr. Stanley. He is so soft, Mary's tears finished the sentence for

The deacon looked down (not unkind course of true love," roughly though it ran, was overwhelming all his own

"So you two young folks really think you love each other ?" said the deacon, "I love her with all my heart and

"I am not rich, I know, but I can wo "And I can work for myself too, fath-

"And you said yourself, sir," went "Well, I never knowed anything so on Tim, "that the stopping of the clock strange in all my life," said the Deacon. meant either 'death or marriage.' Of "It is really strange," faltered hypo- course we don't want any deaths : so do you not think the most sensible thing

soon as possible ?" The deacon laughed in spite of hin self. "It is late," he said. "Com around to-morrow morning and we will "Only," the Deacon went on, slowly, talk about it. No. Mary, I'm not angry with you, child. I s'pose young folks will be young folks, and there's no use tryin' to stop them."

> As the deacon rehung the pendulum and set the iron tongue of the old clock talking again, Tim Marshall paused the doorstep to whisper to Mary:

"What shall it be, Mary, a death of marriage ?" And she in turn whispered, "a mar-

"My darling !" said Tim, "it's worth passing a lifetime behind the clock case to feel as I do now."

A POOR ABASED EDITOR.

One night last week a Whitehall gentleman was on the Troy train returning home. At Saratoga a gentleman from Rutland took a seat just behind the Whitehaller. In a few moments a conversation was opened between the two. Ascertaining that our friend was from Whitehall, the Rutland gentleman asked him if he knew Wilkins, editor of the

"Know him! I ought to know him, for he is very intimate with my wife. "You don't say ?" replied the Rutland man in astonishment.

.. Yes, sir. I don't want it repeated; but I have indisputable evidence that he has been on terms of the closest intimacy

"But my friend, you don't live with the woman?" "Yes, sir; strange as it may seem, I do. Oh. sir. you little know what a man will put up with from a woman he

vet for the love I bear the woman I have never yet broken with my wife." "But you cannot possibly put up with such conduct on the part of your wife? shadow she crossed the hall, opened the If she is intimate with Wilkins, I should kitchen door and stole across the creak- think you would brand the villain before

"I would not submit to it. No, sir! I would not, never !"

The Rutland man had by this time

worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement, when the train pulled up at "Good night, sir!" said the Whitehall gentleman, "I hope we will meet again. I thank you for the interest you have

taken in my affairs. Good night," and they departed. Just then the conductor entered the ear, when the Butland man stepped up and asked him who the gentleman was

he was just conversing with. "That man," said Conductor Halcomb "don't you know him? That is Wilkins, editor of the Whitehall Times." "Sold, by thunder!" said the Rutland

and taking out something said : "Mr. Conductor, will you please give "Father, I-I found the key." falter- him this card, accompanying \$5, and tell him to send me his paper so long as the "Found the key, eh!" returned the money lasts."

LIONS IN INDIANA. OCCIDENT'S VICTORY .- Speaking of A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writing from Attica, Ind., under date of November 20, says: For a radius of over a score of miles and a period of upwards of three months, Beaton county [Ind.] residents have been not a little exercised by the appearance and predatory incursions, of what are now christened a pair of lions. This county is largely the property of a few men among whom are Mr. Templeton and Mr. Fowler, who have had towns built to perpetuate their names. The settlements in some sections are neither very large nor very numerous. About a year ago a peculiar animal was observed lurking in the cornfields and skulking in the woods in the central part of Benton county. It disappeard as misteriously as it had come into view, and there were not a few who heard of the nameless creature ready to pronounce its existence a myth and the occurrence an outgrowth of frightened wits. As far as can be learned, there is no one who saw it from that date until within a period that can be measured by weeks. The presence of the peculiar "party" was noticed and noted perhaps a month before the intruder itself came into the field of vision. The trail of an unknown animal, measuring four or five inches in breadth, and unlike that ever before discovered here abouts, was traced in September, and at first excited the curiosity of the farmers ; then, when a mutilated calf, a sheep or hog was now and then found, this feeling merged speedily into anxiety. The foot-prints, easily distinguished on the yielding ground, daily became more numerous, the circle that limited them constantly widened, and there was a corresponding increase in the number and frequency of the ravages. It seemed from comparing notes and following up the track that its stamping-ground was between Sugar and Parish groves, which are about a dozen miles apart. Early in September, a grand hunt was organ-NEW YORK, Thursday, Dec. 3d. ized, which, like the heroes in Daniel's dream, came to naught. The explora-Havemeyer, November 27, three days tions of that month showed that there were two instead of one of these ferocious

"covered" simultaneously by several different persons at a distance of eight to ten miles from each other. Another the impression that Tweed was in the effort to hunt down the depredators was hospital on account of ill health or for undertaken, which also proved abortive. The latest performance with which they are credited is the killing of a fine steer belonging to one of the wealthy the ordinary dress, received visitors and land-owners. The loss will reach several hundred dollars, for the breed was val- were imposed on hundreds of his fellowued. As was the case with all the cattle they attacked, only the choicest slices | committed under pressure of want. This of the flank were taken, and the poor distinction is disgraceful to the State. beast, half killed by its assailant, and left to die. The hide of this victim was secured as a trophy by a relic hunter, and bourne off to Lafavette, where it is at present on exhibition.

animals. By that time they had been

from here, over in the north side of the Wabash River, sends in his share to swell the list. He says that one September Sunday evening, about dusk, the then nondescript crossed his path. He was going along the wood on his way home when it suddenly issued out of the brush on one side, and, without any endeavor to harm, bounded over the highway a few yards off, and, leaping a fence on the other side, disappeared he hardly knows where or how, for he didn't wait to interview the four-footed alien. This would bring it miles beyond its previous circuits, and into a strip well adapted to protect it. It is affirmed that one of the creatures, though alone, has not issue of a parer currency. His Majesty's hesitated to pounce upon a colt several venrs old. The opinion first entertained that they were nothing but large lynx, or, at the farthest, American lions, became less as each new encounter came to the public ear. There now remains no doubt as to their species. the most sceptical being ready to accept any theory. The most recent word I have brings it down to within a day. A short time before dark Tuesday evening, a party of men who were about two miles south of Earl Park saw the lion and his mate a short distance from them. A party of four bear-eaters from the "Star City" have gone to the scene, and declare they will not return without the pelts of the

One man, who resides about a mile

The infant son of the Duke of Edin burg,-born just five months after the wedding of his illustrous pa and ma .was baptized last Monday, by the sweet, short pet name of Albert Alexander Alfred Earnest William. The sponsors were Queen Victoria; the Czar of Russia represented by the Czarowitch; the Emperor of Germany. represented by the Duke of Connaught; the worthless vagabond, pauper and debauchee Prince of Wales : the Crown Princess of Germany the Duke of Saxe Coburg. Bells rang, cannon were fired, flags fluttered and London was one vast festal scene. And all over the sprinkling of a few teaspoon- a wooden saw horse and with a hand saw ly squeezed, cut in slices, put with fuls of water on a wretched little brat. which, born within five months of a After his rage had cooled, Williami was wedding in any but royal circles. would overcome with remorse, and taking up have led to ugly scenes in some vulgar the fatal saw, cut open his own throat ing day.-This remedy will ward off divorce court. Oh, how these royal and fell a corpse beside his murdered an attack of the chills and fever if used rotton apples swim.

the result of the late race at the San vember 2d says: "It is something for her horse without a pedigree-one said 15th inst., two whole families, with the to have had a father that had blood in him, blood of the blue-blood horse kind, ing been originally very unwisely pitted rounded the circle of the race-course. that he has made three heats without a fixed up in advance, because 'it would of the oldest fisherman. not have done, you know, to have Fullerton win, for then there would have been no inducement to invite eastern horses by offers of heavy purses to trot against a horse that always gets beaten. That would have spoiled all the sport, ou know, and so the little horse was allowed to win.' We do not think such reasoning fair toward the little game animal that makes a mile in 2:18, without the pressure of whip or spur. It may be the necessaries of life is beyond a doubt. that Occident was intentionally allowed | Many have left their homes; hundreds to win. But we do not believe it. At any rate his antagonist never made better time and Occident has, alone over

Governor Dix wrote a letter to Mayor before his death, in which he said his attention had been called to the case of W. M. Tweed, and the unlawful indulgence granted him. The Governor had service, but he had ascertained that he has a room furnished with personal comforts, that he has been allowed to wear was exempt from the restraints which creatures guilty of trifling crimes often and makes criminal justice a mockery. The Mayor's attention is called to these facts. It is said that Tweed was sadly disappointed on hearing that his effort to get free was unsuccessful. He had more confidence in the success of the points to be made by his counsel than they had; he was, in consequence, much dejected on being taken back to his old quarters from his private office on Duane street. He looks much as he used to, hale and hearty, with his beard and hair worn in the usual manner, and a

comfortable suit of gray clothes. THE PLEASURE OF INFLATION .- Some admirable advice on the question of currency has been given to the King of Burmah, who, having become tired of the piece-goods trade, owing to his stock on hand being much larger than he can ever hope to get rid of, has lately, by way of a new excitement, been contemplating the ideas on this point have been much strengthened by a remark which, according to the Friend of India, was made to him the other day at Mandalay by one of dollars. They thus heavily tax the gold or silver at all in your royal coins .-

"Your Majesty is too kind to put any England, France and America make most of their payments in what are called treasurv notes, and these are bits of paper only. Everybody takes them as readily as eash, and people have been known to fight because they did not want actual coin, but preferred that paper. Why, your Majesty can buy paper at only a few rupees per ream and then make treasurv notes for lakhs and takhs of rupees out of them."-It might also have been pointed out to the king, that whereas paper is made out of rags, one chief advantage of an unlimited issue of paper money is that the more ragged and poverty stricken a nation becomes which adopts this system, the more abundant are, in fact, its materials of wealth .-Pall Mall Gazette.

HORRIBLE MURDER .- A horrible murder is reported from Wellstown, Hamilton county, N. Y. A man named Elias Williams had a drunken quarrel with one George Smith who was assisting him in building a house, and in the course of the struggle Williams threw Smith over severed Smith's head from his body. victim.

TERRIBLE MASSACRE BY ESQUIMAUX IN LABRADOR .- A shocking massacre of Francisco trotting park, the Alta of No- white settlers by the Esquimaux Indians occurred at the settlement of Indianthe vanity of our California public that Tickle, Labrador, on the night of the exception of a young girl, being the victims. For some time back the Indians and a mother that some think and say had been committing robberies, and sevwas half a blue blood and half a mus- eral of the depredators being captured, tang, has won a race at last, after hav- they were publicly whipped. In revenge, on the night of the 15th inst., they atagainst the fastest trotters that ever tacked the families of William J. Morrison and his two sons Thomas and Her-Many, as well as his owner, Governor | bert, and wife and their children, Wil-Stanford, believed in this little fellow liam, Charles, James and Lizzie, murwithout ancestry, this uninherited won- dering all except the last named. Wilder, in his power and endurance, and liam F. Morrison and his two sons were that he would some day win money and fully murdered in their room, their bodlaurels, if he ever could get a fair show. ies being covered with dirk wounds, al-He has verified their faith at last in time | though they had first been wounded with that has not often been beaten, and sel- bullets. Mrs. Robert Morrison's throat dom equalled. Until within a few years | was cut deeply in several places, and a it has not been supposed that a trotting bullet pierced her brain. William and horse could make such time as 2:18. Charles Morrison were stabbed in the And now that the little fellow has done heart, and also shot; but James, the it handsomely under the manipulation youngest, seems to have struggled hard of a master; done it of his own will, en- for his life, as his corpse was found on a couraged only by the voice of his driver, staircase leading to the door, near the no thong of the whip touching him; now corpse of an Esquimaux whom he had shot. This is the first instance of crimskip, hop or break of any kind, it is | inal or troublesome conduct among the hinted by some that the whole race was | Esquimaux in Labrador in the memory

> Information continues to come of the sufferings of the destitute people of Kansas and Nebraska. The following is an extract from a private letter written by O. P. Williams, Esq., of Dexter, Ia. Mr. Williams is a business man well known in New England:

"In regard to the sufferings in Kansas and Nebraska, I personally know but little. That there is suffering there for of wagons have passed through our town eastward in search of some place where labor can be obtained, in order to get bread for their children. Many more are unable to leave that desolate region. and are at the mercy of those who are blessed with plenty. We have sent two car loads of provisions from this place (a town of less than 1000 inhabitants), and there is a general movement along the line of the Rock Island and Pacific Railroad in the same direction. The Rock Island and Pacific Railroad sends all

donations free of charge.' The example of these little Western towns ought to stimulate the great and wealthy cities of the East to do something for the suffering victims of the grasshopper plague.

The Sun says :- Jones of Nevada has told a reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle what he thinks about Republican candidates for President. He says that Washburne is a strong man. Blaine might do, but his strength will wane through being developed too soon. Sherman would not probably accept a nomination from the republicans. But Jones is sweet on Bristow :

"He has never been much before the public. He made a splendid record during the war. His nomination would be especially agreeable to the West. He has superior executive ability, is a fine lawyer, a gentleman of polished manners and magnificent personal presence. I don't believe he has an enemy in the world." Jones's opinion is as good as that of any other man who doesn't know any more than he does.

SEWING MACHINES .- There are numberless sewing machine companies throughout the country, but as they all use the same essential principle, which is protected by patents, which have already been extended further than the legal limits, they form practically one great monopoly. Machines that cost from fifteen to twenty dollars are sold by them at forty-five to sixty-five poorest classes of the community-the poor sewing-woman and wives who are compelled to do their own sewing-and they practically prohibit all improvement in sewing machines since the inventor can not apply his improvement except under the dictation of the monopolizers of the sewing machine patents. It is known that these companies intend to make a determined effort to obtain from Congress a prolongation of their monopoly in the shape of a renewel of their patents. To this end money and political influence will be unsparingly used, and the press, so far as it is found practicable, will be enlisted on the side of the monopolists. Against this extension is the duty of every journal and citizen to protest. Congressmen mus be made to understand that a further lease of power cannot be granted to the sewing machine companies without awakening the utmost indignation against every man who votes for such

A hot lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold. It acts promptly and effectively, and has no unpleasant after-effects. One lemon propersugar and cover with a half-pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself on the follow-